ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtion, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beate me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more ſtrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniell, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur.

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? tenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face

Cur. Who knowes not tha

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that her.

Cur. I call them forth to c

Enter foure or

Gru. Why ſhe comes to bo

Nat. Welcome home *Gr*

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ioſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how and thus much for greeting. readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie,

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heer

Enter Petruchio

Pet. Where be theſe knaues To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take Where is *Nathaniell, Gregory*

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, hee

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, hee You logger-headed and vnpo What? no attendants? no rega Where is the fooliſh knaue I

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as

Pet. You pezant, ſwaine, yo Did I not bid thee meete me in And bring along theſe raſcall k

Grumio. Nathaniels coat ſir And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all There was no Linke to colour

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.1